AN

EPISTLE

TO

Mr. *POPE*,

FROM A

Young Gentleman at *ROME*.

An quidquam nobis tali ſit munere majus?
Et Puer ipſe fuit cantari dignus——

VIRG. ECL. V.

LONDON:
Printed in the YEAR MDCCXXX.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

Mr. POPE.

AN EPISTLE from *ROME* TO Mr. *POPE*.

May 7, 1730.

IMMORTAL Bard! for whom each Muſe has wove
The faireſt Garlands of th' *Aonian* Grove,
O born, our drooping Genius to reſtore,
When ADDISON and CONGREVE are no more;
After ſo many Stars extinct in Night,
The darken'd Age's laſt remaining Light!

To Thee from *Latian* Realms this Verſe is writ,
Inſpir'd by Memory of ancient Wit;
For now no more theſe Climes their Influence boaſt,
Fall'n is their Glory, and their Virtue loſt:
From Tyrants and from Prieſts the Muſes fly,
Daughters of *Reaſon* and of *Liberty*.
Nor *Baiæ* now, nor *Umbria*'s Plain they love,
Nor on the Banks of *Nar*, or *Mincio* rove;
To *Thames*'s flow'ry Borders they retire,
And kindle in thy Breaſt the *Roman* Fire.
So in the Shades, where cheer'd with Summer-rays
Melodious Linnets warbled ſprightly Lays;
Soon as the faded, falling Leaves complain
Of gloomy Winter's inauſpicious Reign,
No tuneful Voice is heard of Joy or Love,
But mournful Silence ſaddens all the Grove.

Unhappy *Italy!* whoſe alter'd State
Has felt the worſt Severity of Fate:

Not that Barbarian Hands her * *Rods* have broke,
And bow'd her haughty Neck beneath their Yoke;
Not that her Palaces to Earth are thrown,
Her Cities deſert, and her Fields unſown;
But that her ancient Spirit is decay'd,
That ſacred Wiſdom from her Bounds is fled,
That there the Source of Science flows no more,
Whence its rich Streams ſupply'd the World before.

Illuſtrious Names! that once in *Latium* ſhin'd,
Born to inſtruct, and to command Mankind;
Chiefs, by whoſe Virtue mighty ROME was rais'd,
And Poets, who thoſe Chiefs ſublimely prais'd;
Oft I the Traces you have left explore,
Viſit your Aſhes, and your Urns adore;
Oft kiſs, with Lips devout, ſome mould'ring Stone,
With Ivy's venerable Shade o'ergrown;

---

* Faſces.

Thoſe

Thoſe hallow'd Ruins better pleas'd to ſee,
Than all the Pomp of modern Luxury.

As late on VIRGIL's Tomb freſh Flow'rs I ſtrow'd,
While with th' inſpiring Muſe my Boſom glow'd,
Crown'd with unfading Bays, my raviſh'd Eyes
Beheld the Poet's awful Form ariſe;
" Stranger, he ſaid, whoſe pious Hand has paid
" Thoſe grateful Rites to my attentive Shade,
" When thou ſhalt breathe thy happy native Air,
" To POPE this Meſſage from his Maſter bear:

" Great Bard! whoſe Numbers I my ſelf inſpire,
" To whom I gave my own harmonious Lyre;
" If mounted high upon the Throne of Wit,
" Near Me and HOMER thou aſpire to ſit;
" No more let meaner Satire taint thy Bays,
" And ſtain the Glory of thy nobler Lays;
" In all the flow'ry Paths of *Pindus* ſtray,
" But ſhun that thorny, that unpleaſing Way:

" Why

" Why wou'd'ſt thou force thy Genius from its End?
" Form'd to delight, why ſtriv'ſt thou to offend?
" When every ſoft, engaging Muſe is thine,
" Why court the leaſt attractive of the Nine?

" Of Thee more worthy were the Task to raiſe
" A laſting Column to thy Country's Praiſe;
" To ſing the Land, which now alone can boaſt
" That LIBERTY unhappy ROME has loſt;
" Where SCIENCE in the Arms of PEACE is laid,
" And plants her Palm beneath the Olive's Shade;
" Where Honours on diſtinguiſh'd Merit wait,
" And Virtue is no more a Foe to State.

" Such was the Theme for which my Lyre I ſtrung,
" Such was the People whoſe Exploits I ſung;
" Brave, yet refin'd, for Arms and Arts renown'd,
" With different Bays by *Mars* and *Phœbus* crown'd,
" Dauntleſs Oppoſers of Tyrannick Sway,
" But pleas'd a mild AUGUSTUS to obey."

If theſe Commands ſubmiſſive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy Name ſhall live;
Envy to black *Cocytus* ſhall retire,
And howl with Furies in tormenting Fire:
Remoteſt Times ſhall conſecrate thy Lays,
And join the PATRIOT's to the POET's Praiſe.

FINIS.